

Painting Winona

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

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Against the autumnal yellow and crimson glory of the maples the girl's golden hair and girl red dress made a harmonious picture. Wilfred Clay, artist, brought his wheel to a sudden stop, wondering if he ever had seen anything so exquisite before. Surely it was toward this that he had been journeying, this wonderful breathing picture. Already he mentally planned the blendings of madder and lakes, of the chromes and yellow, to reproduce the charm as, steady as a wheel against a rock, he climbed the bank.

"Is there any place near by where I can put up for a few days?" he inquired, standing bareheaded before the vision.

"Folks sometimes stay at the farm-houses."

"Any you particularly recommend?"

"None," was the laconic answer. The young fellow laughed, noting the discontent that glimmered in the girl's eyes. "How about that one?" indicating a red chimney that showed among the trees.

"I live there. It's no worse than the rest."

"It has attractions that the others lack," he declared gallantly, but the compliment flew wide of its aim. "Will you accompany me to present my canvas?"

Silently the girl acquiesced, keeping a little in advance, then, suddenly waiting for him to join her, she began to talk rapidly. Her eyes never wavered from the advancing figure of a man, a farmer from his dress, who with a switch lashed moodily at the goldenrod and passed without a word, the rising color above the loose collar alone betraying his consciousness of their presence. After he had gone the girl felt again into silence.

She left the artist on the wide porch and sent her mother to interview the stranger. Clay promptly accepted the terms and was soon smoking in home-like ease, wondering how he might persuade the girl to let him paint her, his fingers already itching to be at work.

During supper, which he shared with the family, Clay endeavored to draw Winona—he had discovered that to be her name—into conversation, but she repelled such advances with monosyllables. One of her brothers chafed her on her ill humor, arousing her to sharp retort, whereat he laughed roughly.

"Fortune's sourd's temper. Funny how some folks can't stand good luck."

Later Clay found her leaning against the trellis where the vines still clung. "I congratulate you on being an heiress. Independence is not the least gift that riches confer."

The girl raised her head rebelliously. "Why should Aunt Lisa give me her money? I don't want it. I hardly ever saw her and cared less. What right had she to spoil my life?" Her voice vibrated with resentment, and a low whistle escaped Clay.

"Truly an unusual view to take. If you are in trouble possibly I can help you. I'd like to try."

Winona shook her head. "Guess no one can."

"What about the fellow we met?" A chance shot, but it made the color surge painfully to the girl's face, though she kept silent.

"I stayed over to paint a picture," proceeded the artist, abruptly changing the topic. "I'm going to try for the glowing splendor of a New England fall, and—I want you in the shadow of the maples—just as you were today."

"It depends on me you may as well give up your picture."

"It would mean a good deal to me," returned the girl indifferently and went indoors. Musing, Clay continued to pull at his briar. It took a good deal to discourage him. The subject was an inspiration. He would paint now as before he only dreamed of doing. On the morrow he would sketch the girl from memory—her pose and coloring were photographed on his brain—and then go to work on the background.

But as the week passed he found himself no nearer his object. Winona, who now conversed on ordinary topics, was dumb when he advanced the picture, nor did he gain in her confidence regarding her personal affairs. It was from her mother, Mrs. Eager, that he learned the facts.

Previous to her aunt's death Winona had "kept company"—the local phrasing for courtship—with Keith Adams, but there had been no formal engagement, for which fact the mother now rejoiced, as with her improved prospects the girl might do much better.

Mrs. Eager had privately administered some broad hints to the aspiring farmer, which he had apparently accepted. Did Winona care? Well, she supposed that Winona thought she did, but she was young enough to have a dozen fancies before coming into control of her money. It was her duty to marry well and help her brothers and sisters.

"I'm told you are not ambitious," remarked Clay that evening, causing Winona to stare up at him startled.

"I want nothing but to be left alone. If I had the money now I'd give it to you—to any one who'd go away and never let me hear of it again!" Her voice choked suddenly, and, covering her face, she sobbed with an abandon and passion that Clay never had seen before.

He felt uncomfortable, like all men when confronted with women's tears.

But he wanted to help her. Above all things he wanted his picture. Impulsively he whispered a suggestion, a hint for their mutual benefit. At first she made no sign of having heard, but little by little she grew calm and as he finished caught eagerly at his hands.

"You are right, of course!" she cried. "Who ever won anything by mooping?" When she retired Clay sat lost in meditation. "It's playing with fire, but the picture's worth it," was his verdict.

From that night the girl's demeanor changed. During the long autumn days she posed for the painter beneath the maples and chatted gayly with him at dusk on the porch, but always where her red gown might be seen by one passing on the road. Her mother smiled knowingly at the neighborly gossip that reached her ear.

Meanwhile the picture grew, and Clay knew it was the best he ever had done, though the exquisite that the girl's face were his despair, and the sweet companionship caused the memory of a certain compact to dim.

Each day the young farmer passed and repassed, and the more depressed he seemed the more gayly Winona's laugh pursued him on his way.

One morning Clay was putting finishing touches on the foliage when a shadow darkened his canvas. Glancing up, expecting Winona, who was to join him, he encountered the steady gaze of Keith Adams. For a moment neither spoke; then all the pent up jealousy and rage broke forth in the lower.

"How dare you paint her, making her name and face alike common?"

"Who are you?" inquired Clay coolly. "I speak as man to man," replied the other. "She's nothing but a child, for all her years. Leave her alone."

"I think I've helped her," remarked Clay. "Do you love her?" demanded Keith Adams. "Are you going to marry her?"

"What business is it of yours?" The half smile in the artist's eye maddened Keith, and he gripped him savagely by the collar, thrusting his own face close.

"It's this much—that while I live no man shall slight that girl. I know you painting men. You think you own creation—believe yourselves free to take or leave and pay no bills. That girl's name is being mixed with yours, and it's time for you to go unless you mean honest by her. Which is it to be?"

"What possible right have you to question?"

"What right?" cried Keith, his voice thick with passion. "What right! Why, I love her—do you understand? I love her!"

"Then tell me so."

Keith dropped his hold, and, turning, the two men saw Winona close beside them, with all the witchery of love in her eyes. Clay spoke slowly, a grim acceptance of the inevitable hardening his face.

"It seems that my friendship has been questioned, Winona, so you must forgive me if I seem abrupt. Will you be my wife?"

"Hush!" cried the girl. "Don't spoil the kindest friendship that ever a girl had. It was not necessary between you and me," she added, with a laugh. Then, turning to the man of her choice, his name fell tenderly from her lips.

Clay, considerably turned, his back and, collecting his painting outfit, left them in the golden glory of the maples.

"It's a good thing the picture is about done," then his mouth closed inscrutably as he went down the road alone.

Color Blind.

John Dalton, without whose discovery of the laws of chemical combination chemistry as an exact science could hardly exist, was wholly color blind. His knowledge of the fact came about by a happening of the sort which we call chance. On his mother's birthday, when he was a man of twenty-six, he took her a pair of stockings which he had seen in a shop window labeled, "Silk, the newest fashion."

"There has bought me a pair of grand hose, John," said the mother, "but what made these fancy such a bright color? Why, I can never show myself at meeting without them."

John was much disconcerted, but he told her that he considered the stockings to be of a very proper go to meeting color, as they were a dark bluish drab.

"Why, they're red as a cherry, John," was her astonished reply.

Neither he nor his brother Jonathan could see anything but drab in the stockings, and they rested in the belief that the good wife's eyes were out of order until she, having consulted various neighbors, returned with the verdict, "Yarra fine stuff, but uncommon scarlet."

The consequence was that John Dalton became almost the first to direct the attention of the scientific world to the subject of color blindness.

Can You Define Them?

How many people, even Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, can define the following words? To how many does any of the words convey a picture? Yet they were all of good usage in colonial days: Allumines, balcony, hisdops, baths, wharshair, honnets, mushmellon, bananets, whalebone bonnets, wagon bonnets, beehive bonnets, flap breeches, "Franklin's" (broadsheet breeches, lined with leather), iron busts, whalebone busts, conch shell buttons (Washington had a set), byram, men's Newmarket caps, champagne bras, canshets, chints, cloches, cushloes, catnuees, cue de Paris, chuckloes, dauandor, dickmansoy, ever-elasting, novettes, gredicent, gray dnoy, gulix, roll up stockings, lashing-lams, huckabacks, Job's tears, kittobes, lemonets, mores, saffermerry, sacking, ham, side locks, skimmers, small cloths, spice, clind' oopuns, pack threst' setys, stiffners, tandems, ticklenberg, >out ples, thrambe, turkett, oiled linen, wratchets, shagreen, etc.

BLACK FRIDAY.

The Mad Scene in the Gould Room—That Fatal Decision.

In the middle of the goat room was a small fountain. Around this the day's proceedings began, writes T. H. Bickel in the American Magazine. Jay Gould's own brokers, pale, haggard, half distrustful and half ashamed of their work, started the bids. Gold had closed the day previously at 144. Now a Gould broker offered 145 for \$100,000 gold.

His only response were the curses and fist shakings of a bedraggled, perspiring crowd.

"One hundred and forty-six for \$100,000 gold."

Still there was no response.

"One hundred and forty-seven."

Each advancing point meant millions in profits to Gould and likewise millions in losses to the community. At every advance the crowds, losing all restraint, alternately roared and wept.

"One hundred and forty-eight."

"One hundred and forty-nine."

Above the pandemonium the monotonous voices of the Gould brokers could be heard, quietly, remorselessly plying up the price.

"One hundred and fifty."

"One hundred and fifty-one."

At this point the buying began. Hitherto the crowd had been held magically spellbound. The audacity of the Gould brokers had paralyzed all. Board brokers were particularly dumb. In face of the clique's demonstrated power no one seemed able to bid, even to make the feeblest attempt to check the terrible rise.

A few uptown merchants now, however, started to purchase. Soon the bidding degenerated into panic. Every one scrambled to get his gold now while the price, judged by what had already happened and the unquestioned power of the gang, seemed low.

All purchases, however, meant enormous losses.

Fortunes accumulated through years of self sacrificing toil were swept away in a moment. In their crazy men ran aimlessly about the room, moaning, screaming, vainly appealing for help.

Outside, where the crowds breathlessly waited announcements, the same scenes were repeated. Ruined men, unable to get into the building itself, pushed, cursed and fought. At each rise in the price the rage against Gould increased. When the bid reached 150 there were cries of "Lynch! Lynch!"

And meanwhile what was the plotter of all this mischief doing? He was selling gold. To whom was he selling? To Flak and all his own associates. He was the only man who really understood the situation—who knew, that is, upon what a flimsy basis his "corner" rested. He sent Flak, Belton and Speyer into the gold room to advance the price ostensibly for the benefit of the clique, and when it had reached a certain point unloaded on his own account. He had sold largely, unknown to his confederates, the day before.

The Greatest of Rivers.

The Amazon is the king of streams. From first to last it receives over 1,200 tributaries, of which more than 100 are large sized rivers and rise so far apart and have their floods and ebb at such different seasons that the Amazon is at about the same height the year around.

At some points on its lower course one bank is invisible from the other. The beholder seems to be looking on a great yellow sea of fresh water. When discovered, some tribes of Indians on the lower portion knew nothing of the existence of the opposite shore and did not believe that it existed, saying that "the great river flowed all round the world." Its mouth, including that of the Para, is 150 miles in width, and it is navigable for large sized ocean steamers for 1,000 miles from the sea, and so vast is the flood that the ocean is tinged yellow for 400 miles from the coast of Brazil.

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November 16, 1905.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL J. UMMINGS, deceased to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made no bid in payment of the indebtedness of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

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